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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

Sketchings.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

THE prosecution of Science in the laboratory of her disciples is as obscure as it is modest. The history alone of electricity is sufficient proof of this. It is only when the results of the laboratory are applied to some important branch of commerce or industry, that the world takes note of them, and becomes conscious of their importance. The spiritual elaboration of a thing counts for nothing in the eyes of the multitude—they see only with their bodily eyes and when the mountain rises before them in its gross material proportions. We do not complain of this, but simply state it as a fact in the order of things, with a view of giving to each benefactor of mankind that reward and honor to which he is entitled by the nature and extent of his labors. So far as the telegraphic application of electricity is concerned there is no doubt of Mr. Morse's superior claims to public admiration and even gratitude; and it must also be admitted that every telegraphic amplification of electricity that has been made since Morse's important discovery, or that may hereafter be made, can be but an extension of Morse's principle as originally discovered by him. However gigantic the laying of a submarine telegraphic cable between the Old World and New may seem to people at the first glance, to the eye of reflection it is but the natural result of Morse's discovery. To him we must look for the fountain head—to others as the necessary tributaries. The search for the philosopher's stone is said to have aided the progress of chemistry, and to the thirst for gold and notoriety are due many of the important modern applications of scientific principles to the cause of commerce and industry. Where men's pecuniary interests are concerned they will suffer martyrdom, undergo all trials and brave all risks. Formerly men suffered and died for the crown of glory promised in the world to come; now they suffer and sometimes die in a lingering way for the crown of glory which awaits all material success in these days. To see any man at present make a sacrifice of himself for the public good exclusively, would be a sight worthy, from its rarity alone, of the applause of all the Olympian gods. We hail, however, with great pleasure, the laying of the submarine telegraphic cable, believing that it will be fruitful in good consequences not alone to England and to this country, but to the world generally. To the muscular exertions of Mr. Field, and to his well-known perseverance, is due a very happy and glorious application of Morse's great discovery.

We rejoice, also, in the event, because it has given to the older members of this generation an opportunity of renewing the poetic enthusiasm of their youth, and their great confidence in a better future of this world. Though the American and English mind may, through this submarine telegraph, act and react but industrially and commercially on each other—that is, mechanically, yet it will serve as a nucleus for a much higher moral purpose and end. To mechanically link together two nations and two peoples is one thing, and very important of its kind, but to unite them intellectually and morally is quite another thing, and one in the complete success of which we can alone look for that true condition of human existence, to which we ought all

to aspire, and for which we ought all to labor. We, therefore, give our benediction to every brave head and hand that in any way contributed to the laying of the submarine telegraphic cable between the Old World and New.

STREET MUSINGS ON ARCHITECTURE.

ANOTHER stroll for the purpose of procuring items for our architectural department led us to take a walk up the Fifth Avenue. When we feel a desire to get up critical steam, we always walk up the Fifth Avenue. There is plenty of fuel in that street—the wooden cornices, for instance, that would keep a critical steam engine a-going for months. We never walk up the Fifth Avenue without being reminded of the boxes of blocks to build houses with, that are made for children, and sold in toy-shops. Our readers are familiar with these boxes and their contents—pieces of wood of all geometrical shapes, squares, triangles, pyramids, columns, cubes, and oblongs—and they know how children build houses with these, according to diverse impromptu plans, and sometimes very cleverly; and they also know that however varied the children's plans may be, there is ever apparent the stereotyped forms out of which their toy-houses are constructed—the same triangles, pyramids, cubes, columns, and oblongs aforesaid, no matter how they are piled together. Now the Fifth Avenue, to us, appears to have been built on toy-box principles, by children, on some grand holiday, when a sufficient number of these little architects and toy-boxes of suitable forms could be got together. It seems to us that the parents of these children, whoever they were, must have been very glad to get the architectural material out of their homes, and so let it stand on the avenue as profitable investments. Instead of sensible shapes that really can be combined on sound principles, as could the pyramids, squares, cubes and triangles of the boxes previously mentioned, the Fifth Avenue material consists of a heterogeneous collection of consoles, pediments, columns, piers, cornices, and what not, all hastily left without covering, as if the child-architects had been suddenly called home to bed, or had been furnished with money to indulge other infantile caprices, before they had put the roofs on. The Fifth Avenue is particularly scant of roofs; a lack of roofs and a uniform brown color is the cause of Fifth Avenue monotony. No wonder that our travelled countrymen, on coming home, exclaim, "How low the houses are!" We are glad, therefore, to chronicle improvements, to notice any changes that show progress beyond the toy-box standard of taste. There is a brick house adjoining Ascension Church—which church, with its beautiful ivy drapery, is truly an oasis in this desert of stone—that heralds the change we speak of. This house is built by CALVERT VAUX. Like a sensible composition, it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. As the eye scans the façade, ranging from the lower story upwards, it encounters a visible roof, which member of construction is in many cases as necessary to a complete building as the head is to a man's body. On looking at the house, the mind is not too suddenly transferred from counterfeit cornices to the honest blue sky, and thus brought to make unfavorable comparisons between the truth of nature and the falsehood of builders. Let us have more of visible roofs.

Passing along the avenue, we come to Dr. Phillips' church (J. O. WELLS, architect), which is another bright architectural object, both materially and spiritually. We cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude for the ample and neatly kept inclosure surrounding this church. A simple greensward, with or with-

out trees (is there not most too much shrubbery in this case?) suggests that freshness and simplicity of nature which should be symbolized in the surroundings of every church, particularly in cities. A few square yards of grass directly in front of a church door, offers repose for the eye previously to entering the house of the Lord. We cannot see the necessity of flagging; churches are not open often enough, nor so numerously attended, that the feet of their frequenters would interfere with the growth of grass. While we are stopping before this church, we would inform our readers that the sculptured squares that we see within the moulding around the door of the principal entrance, were intended to represent the leaves of a vine; the trunk of the vine was once there connecting them together, but being considered too florid, the trunk was cut away, as well as the meaning of the symbol. Why should the volutes of Ionic capitals be retained in other churches, as they frequently are, or the clusters of leaves and grapes that so gracefully and appropriately form the capitals of Gothic columns, or the foliage that decks every pinnacle of this very same building?

On the northwest corner of Eighteenth street are two houses happily conjoined; they have lost their individuality in the harmony of union. Nobody at all sensitive to impressions from domestic architecture can pass these houses without being pleased. They are unpretentious in size and height, and have a cozy look. They are built of grey limestone. Color renders these houses satisfactory; grey harmonizes admirably with the green shrubbery of the inclosure before the door, and with the trees that rise above the projecting eaves, which seem to fraternize with the branches, purposely to heighten the effect of shelter and protection. IRMIEL TOWN was the architect.

ARCHITECTURAL GOSSIP.

WILKESBARRE, LUZERNE CO., PENN.

To the Editor of the Crayon:

DEAR FRIEND: Knowing how anxious you are to inform your readers of anything worthy of note in the way of architecture, as well as of the sister arts of painting and sculpture, let me tell you that I have been very much pleased with a building now being erected here for the county, containing a court-room, with the necessary jury-rooms, judges' chambers, room for the use of members of the bar (which is here generally denominated the "bar-room") and record offices. Perhaps it is the arrangement of the plan more than the external appearance with which I have been particularly pleased. I will make an attempt to describe it to you. In the first place, the general form of the building on the ground is similar to the letter **I**, the vertical part being the court-room, the bottom stroke the record offices, and the upper stroke the judges' chambers, jury-rooms, etc. In the centre of the bottom stroke projects the clock tower. The principal entrance is through this tower, which is about twenty-six feet square, and will be, when finished, about one hundred and twenty feet high. Opposite the door, on the inner side of the tower, is the commencement of the grand stairway by which you ascend into the second story hall; this leads directly into the court-room, and is the entrance for the public; on the opposite end of the court-room, or the upper stroke of the **I**, is the entrance for the officers of the court, and the floor of the court-at this end being but four or five steps above the level of the first floor, gives great facilities for the members of the court to go in and out; this arrangement is highly spoken of by members of the bar here. The seats for the audience are arranged much the same as the gallery in a church, with the exception that the slope is more gradual. The building containing the court-room is but one story high, and is fifty feet wide by seventy-five feet long, with an elliptical ceiling. The

building containing the record and commissioners' offices is intended to be perfectly fire-proof, the floors being constructed with iron beams and brick arches. This portion of the building, as well as the one on the opposite end, is two stories high. I am afraid that my description is not very lucid, but I hope it is sufficiently so for you to understand the main features of the plan. The building is entirely of brick, with the exception of the plinths and string course between first and second stories, which are of stone; the roofs are steep, and covered with slate. The structure is Byzantine in its general features; it stands in an open square, and can be seen on all sides as you approach it. I have been told, while sojourning here, that the Soranton people were very anxious to have the new court-house located in their flourishing town, but not having succeeded, they cannot see much to please them in the new building at Wilkesbarre. I was pleased to find, upon inquiring who was the architect, that he was one from our own city of New York, Mr. Joseph C. Wells.

Yours truly,
ROVER.

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—Whatever the men of our land may say in these times to show a reverence for the past and future, their rhetoric amounts to but little in comparison with what the women do. The effort of the women of our country to obtain possession of the estate and tomb of Washington is a noble one, and one which mitigates the harsh features of our commercial selfishness. It may be regarded as an expression of reverent grateful love for the memory of a disinterested man—one whose eminent virtues are doubtless more intelligible to female instinct than they are to the prouder but less sensitive intellect of the sons of Adam. It is time such an effort should be made, and all honor to the women for taking the matter in hand. There is no reason why their appeal (which we publish in this number) should not draw capital out of plethoric purses, as readily as the prospectus for that government loan, for which there was lately so great a scramble.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

LARKIN G. MEAD, Jr., of Brattleborough, Vt., is engaged upon his plaster model for a statue of Ethan Allen, for the State of Vermont, to be erected over the remains of that distinguished hero at Burlington. The figure is of colossal proportions, being nine feet high. It will be cut in Vermont marble, from the Rutland quarries, and placed upon a Tuscan column of granite forty feet in height. The historical incident chosen by Mr. Mead is the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. Ethan Allen—represented as striding up to the gates of the fort, with uncovered head haughtily drawn back, his right hand raised, the left holding his chapeau at his side, the body in an attitude expressive of authority—demands, "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," the surrender of the fort. The head, and, indeed, the entire figure, are ideal, there being no portraits of the hero extant, and the statements in regard to his personal appearance being uncertain and contradictory. In view of these and other obstacles, the artist has admirably succeeded in embodying the popular ideal of his subject. The model will be completed in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Mead has also in progress, and near completion, a colossal figure in wood, fourteen feet in height, typical of Vermont, and designed to surmount the dome of the new capital building at Montpelier. It is a standing female figure, classically draped to the feet, holding in the right hand a scroll, and in the left arm a sheaf of wheat. He has also a portrait-bust in clay on hand,

and has moreover produced some fine pen-and-ink outline sketches—illustrations of "True and I."

The foregoing illustrates one phase of healthy art encouragement. Here we see the State of Vermont honoring one of its heroes by erecting a statue to his memory, and commissioning a sculptor who is reared upon its own soil to produce the work. Nothing better could be done. Mr. Mead is competent in every respect; he is young, faithful, and enthusiastic; and whether his work, when completed, will or will not stand the test of abstract excellence, or bear favorable comparison with the best works in existence, he is entitled to a fair chance. His statue will always be prized for being original, and as testimony of the artistic resources of the State of Vermont.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 16th, 1888.

Dear Crayon:

This delightful watering-place, though usually considered as merely a fashionable place of resort, is nevertheless quite rich in artistic associations. Malbone, Allston, Stuart, and James King have resided here. Allston's "Jeremiah" belongs to Miss Gibbs, of Oaklands. Several of Malbone's are in the possession of gentlemen in this vicinity, while some of Stuart's best works adorn the Senate Chamber and Redwood Library. At present, Messrs. Ames, Staigg, and Hunt reside here with their families during the summer months. Mr. Hunt is building a studio, which will in time become one of the attractions of the place. Mr. Staigg pursues his profession at his residence. Mr. Rowse, who is here at present, is executing some heads at his room in Masonic Hall. An excellent medallion likeness of the celebrated poet and German Translator, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of this city, has just been completed by a lady amateur. The head, which is life size, is full of expression, and is a rare combination of the poetic feeling and quaint humor which are so characteristic of this pure-hearted and genial man.

In Boston, the exhibition at the Athenæum, which is pronounced one of the best that has ever been held there, has been well attended up to the present time. Mr. Palmer's "Moses" and "Spring" are much admired. I believe they are the only works by this artist ever before seen in Boston. Mr. Charles A. Barry's fine likeness of the poet Whittier, which we had hoped to have kept with us for some time, has been sold to a print-seller, who will immediately send it to London to be engraved. It is the best likeness of the poet I have seen. Brackett's bust of Charles Sumner, Wight's painting of him, and Schoff's engraving from the painting, are on exhibition at Everett's, Washington street. Some of our papers, two weeks since, came out with the information that Ball Hughes's statue of President Lord, of Dartmouth College, had just been presented to that institution, "was an admirable likeness," etc. etc. I do not think that any such statue has been executed by Mr. Hughes. Mr. Thomas Ball modelled a bust of President Lord, which was finished about the time mentioned, and that must have been the work referred to.

E.

ART IN NEW HAVEN.—The New Haven exhibition closed on the 14th ultimo. During its continuance it was visited by great numbers of people, and we understand it has netted a profit of several hundred dollars. Among the prominent pictures which the collection contained we notice "Mouth of the Thames," by Stanfield, belonging to H. E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn; "First Thanksgiving in New England," by Edwin

White, belonging to Rollin Sandford, of Brooklyn; "Niagara," by Kensett, the property of A. R. Street, N. H.; two landscapes, "Morning and Evening of Life," by Durand, belonging to F. J. Betts, N. H.; a portrait by Copley, belonging to A. McWhorter, N. H.; "Marine," by Achenbach, from the Belmont collection; "Waterfall at Newburg," by Doughty, loaned by Mr. Betts; "Autumn Scene" and "Plague of Darkness," by F. E. Church, loaned by J. Church and B. H. Coe; "Lake Nemi," by Gifford, loaned by C. O. Alger; "Mount Washington," by Cropsey; a portrait by Stuart belonging to Miss Gerry, N. H.; "Nurse and Child," by Sully, loaned by F. J. Betts; "Departure of the Earl of Warwick," by Glass, loaned by Chas. Gould, N. Y.; "Clearing Off after a Storm in the Catskills" (dated 1828); "Coroway Peak" and "Kaaterskill Falls," by Cole, the property respectively of Rollin Sandford, Mrs. Hillhouse, N. H., and B. Silliman, Jr., N. H.; "Family Devotions," by Rossiter, loaned by Mr. Street; "Night" and "Morning," by Lang, loaned by Mr. Gould; portraits by Elliott, Jocelyn, and others; "Isaac of York," by Allston, belonging to the Boston Athenæum, and a portrait by Professor Morse, the last work painted by him. We would also mention Captain Morgan's fine collection of sketches, by Chalon (A. E. and J. J.), Cristall, Leslie, Partridge, Stanfield, Stump, and Uwins. A series of lectures on topics connected with the fine arts formed an accompaniment to the exhibition. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell discoursed on "How to look at Pictures." Professor A. D. White gave a lecture on "Cathedral Buildings and Medieval Sculpture," and Mr. Deming a eulogy on Bartholomew, the sculptor. We hope to present our readers with extracts from reports of these lectures in a future number.

Will the friends of art in New Haven please read the following letter, which is not the first statement in regard to the condition of the Trumbull Gallery that has come to our knowledge:

Dear Crayon:

"CONNECTICUT is not Athens," was the remark of Trumbull's father to him when at the conclusion of the war, the soldier rejected commerce and law, and determined to pursue the Fine Arts. This remark came into the writer's mind during a recent visit to the Trumbull Gallery, in New Haven, where he saw with sorrow that the magnificent bequest and noble monument of the soldier artist is not preserved with that scrupulous care and nicety that should ever be manifested by the custodians of Fine Art. He saw with much regret that the sixty charming oil miniature portraits are exposed to the atmosphere and the dust: they are on small panels, set into frames open behind, and thus doubly exposed to injury: glass should at once be put over these in front, and some other preservative behind. The names should be painted on the frames, or if left on cards written in ink, as at present, glass should be over them to protect the paper from the silly remarks of irreverent scribblers. The frames are full of dust—an unpardonable state for choice *petite* works like these to be in; some of the surfaces of the portraits are slightly cracked, and a rigid examination to discover cause should at once be entered on.

Far worse in condition than the miniatures are the Battle of "Bunker Hill," and the "Montgomery at Quebec," both of which larger works have a historical renown and interest independent of their patriotic subjects, for they were painted in Sir Benjamin West's room in London, and were visited by Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson, Jefferson, Franklin, and other distinguished men of the day. It was one of these identical pictures (the "Bunker Hill") that led Sir Joshua Reynolds to give West a compliment that must have pained him. On visiting West to meet other friends at dinner Sir Joshua saw this picture in the room, and running up to it, he exclaimed, "Why, West,

what have you got here? This is better colored than your works are generally." West instantly replied, "Sir Joshua, you mistake—that is not mine—it is the work of this young gentleman, Mr. Trumbull—permit me to introduce him to you." These two pictures are the best and finest specimens of Trumbull's ability in composition, color, and drawing, and are models of art, well worthy of study; they merit the utmost care and attention for their preservation, and now is the time to take steps to secure this. They are injured on the surface, and this blemish increases daily. They probably want *lining* and stretching anew. Cleaning by the most competent hand that can be secured, is also indispensable. As they have probably been varnished in *copal*, the operation of renovation is one that must be conducted with extreme care and skill by an expert. *They ought not to be neglected another day, for delay will be fatal to them.* The other subjects of the Historical series are generally in good order, but will be none the worse for being looked to against the future.

It is to be hoped that the gentlemen having these invaluable relics of *good early art* in charge, will at once solicit the counsel of some artists of standing and experience, qualified to aid them in what ought to be a labor of love. Who will demonstrate that in A.D. 1858 there is in Connecticut a nearer approach to Athenian refinement than there was at the close of the troublesome times A.D. 1783-84, when Trumbull's father spoke?

I trust, dear Crayon, you will not let this matter rest till our inestimable treasures are in the highest possible order for the inspection of residents and of the pilgrims to the Elm City.

Yours in the Art,

W. C.

P. S. Indulge me with a postscript—for the Historical Society of the State just mentioned. "Fort Hale" (named after "Nathan, the Spy," who was in the confidence of Washington), is contiguous to New Haven, and is not yet entirely in ruins, although verging to it doubtless from the heedlessness of the youth who use it as a playground, and the want of reverence of their elders who go to picnic and frolic on and about its limited area. The arched entrance gateway is still pretty perfect with the exception of part of a row of bricks in the key line of the arch, which has tumbled out.

Will no member of the Society take with him a mason with his trowel and mortar to repair this? The distance from town is short, and the expense of time and money could not be great if proceedings were taken forthwith. It will be too late after the arch has fallen to preserve it; and when, like other revolutionary memorials, it has passed away, regrets will be poor amends for the loss.

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent informs us that Rothermel has forwarded to this country his large picture of King Lear. Weber and Van Starckenborg have been sketching among the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland. Perry is engaged upon favorite subjects of Italian life and costume.

Two pictures by J. F. Cropsey are now on their way from London. They will be exhibited on their arrival at Menger & Co.'s, Day Street. One is a view of the Sibyl's Temple; the other an English coast view.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

NANTUCKET, July, 185—.

Dear Crayon:

Were you ever at Nantucket? Who speaks of a whale without mentally associating with that huge monster this little sandy spot that has sent forth so many brave men to catch the big fish, and thereby literally give light to the entire new world. Greece, in old times, promulgated thought; Nantucket, now rejoicing in the fame of its past, promulgated sperm oil; one illuminated the head within, the other the head without. Greece and Nantucket have truly furnished us with the elements of wisdom, the former the philosopher's thought, and the

latter—for poets have sung of it—"the midnight oil"—both have given way to—"modern improvements."

The settlement of Nantucket dates back to the years of ignorance and prejudice—to the years when New England drove away good hearts to satisfy bad brains. A man by the name of Macy, with more of benevolence than of respect for intolerant laws, was chased from a village in Massachusetts about the year 1640, because he harbored two Quakers in violation of a foolish ordinance, rather than permit them to endure the peltings of a furious storm. His property was about to be confiscated to pay a fine of five pounds per hour for every hour that he retained the Quakers under his roof; he collected what he could of it, and fled. Macy wandered to Nantucket, and found a home among the Indians. He was the first white man that settled upon the island; others soon followed, bearing the well-known names of Coffin, Starbuck, etc., from whom have sprung numerous descendants. Macy found three thousand Indians upon the island, and a considerable quantity of timber; both have disappeared—the last Indian died about five years ago, and the only wood grown upon the island, and now in existence, is to be found in the timber of its old houses.

These same old houses are interesting features. I have one before me as I write: a low two-story tenement, of the squarest and most primitive order of architecture; shingle roof and shingle sides; no trace of paint, but quite grey with time's hue; the corners of each shingle are fretted away, the nails are rusted and gone, leaving little black holes to mark the graves of former service; the ends of the shingles are loose, and their condition suggests that the next blast from the sea may blow them away. The windows of these tenements are inserted where convenience directed, without regard to size, balance, or thought of external effect, and the houses themselves are placed, as the Dutch houses in some of our North River villages, immediately upon the street, and wherever the fancy of the owner dictated; the street seems to have respected their position, as it twists around and behind them, its tortuous windings inviting you to seek for an end, like the curiosity-provoking mazes of a labyrinth. But the houses of Nantucket are not all according to this style of architecture. Next to the plain structures I have mentioned—which express little besides comfort and protection for the inmate, and which are said to be as neat as wax inside, and which, moreover, contain many curiosities from islands and seas traversed by their whaling owners—are houses of a different class, evidently belonging to another and later period of the town's settlement. They are more uniform, and they are painted. They have another peculiarity which distinguishes them from other houses, and this is an elevated promenade built along the apex of the entire length of the roof, its area inclosed by a hand-railing. This house-top walk I cannot account for, except by supposing it to be a place where some "ancient mariner," or his family were in the habit of going to take observations of the weather, or to look out upon the sea for expected vessels. This supposition I have had confirmed, for they tell me it is a part of a boy's education to know every day of his life "where sits the wind." As soon as he rises in the morning he must ascend to the observatory, ascertain the direction of the wind, and report it at the breakfast table, and also whatever object at sea may have attracted his attention. I saw an example of this custom in one of the time-worn houses that lacks an observatory. A little fellow, for want of a better look-out, was seated on the top of a chimney, reporting what fell under his eye to the next in succession, another youngling whose head and naked shoulders peering above the scuttle, indicated that he had just crawled out of his nest to act as a telegraphic messenger. Besides this little picture, what a world of poetry radiates from those house-top platforms! Picture to yourself friends and relatives absent for months and years, in unknown seas, exposed to the accidents of the whaler's profession. Imagine groups and figures thronging the little observatory of the house-top, going there daily with a ship's glass to scan the wide horizon for expected vessels. Light-hearted children mount to it as to a pastime; mothers and wives, with faces expressive of mingled hope and fear, and

young women as sisters or lovers—which, we can tell by the placid hopeful trust of the one, or by the deep, earnest, prolonged gaze of the other. Look into the hearts of these people for inspiration. Look at the excitement when a sail is descried, and how all the platforms of the neighborhood are filled with eager gazers. See the rush to the dock as the ship approaches and casts anchor, and how the women almost jump into the row-boat that brings its crew ashore. Imagine happy returns and sad meetings; fancy the queer dirty costumes of the men, at which the women are disgusted, and the countless curiosities of the great Polynesian sea, at which the children are delighted. Place behind and around these figures for accessories and background, battered ships, whale-boats, and torn rigging, old oil-casks, spars, timber-knees, and trying-kettles, harpoons, coils of rope, anchors, and other paraphernalia of whaling, and gee, Messrs. artists, if pictures cannot be made setting forth the drama of life and the graces of your art with as much effect as that which you admire in the old but faded forms of past humanity. Dear Crayon, the emotions of men and women of to-day are as interesting as ever; more subjects for pictures exist than artists to paint them!

Other houses there are in Nantucket besides these that suggested my sentimental reflection, but they belong to the present time: neat, clean, and orderly, "blazing away" in white paint, and all the majesty of Greek design and ornament—such houses as are seen nowhere but in Yankee land, breathing an atmosphere of comfort, abundance, and hospitality, and exhibiting on the part of owners and occupants a *desire* to have everything about them in the best possible taste.

But let us leave the "haunts of men," and wander away to the beach by the water side. As I move along to it, I pass oil-casks and whale-boats, a wind-mill, as shattered and grey as the houses, and a ruined rope-walk, which now answers for a store-shed. The building, with its "former occupation gone," reminds me that many of the accessories of whaling, as well as the trade it excites, are passing away from this island. This reflection and others in its train I had time enough to dwell upon as I walked along over the field of short grass bordering the strip of sand between it and the beach, scaring up millions of grasshoppers every step I took. Passing this, I came to the sandy road over which the tide had but lately flowed, and here, as in the grass, were myriads of salt-water insects running about; sand-flies and soldier-crabs, the latter shooting along for their home in the sand, carrying a huge vindictive-looking claw above their heads, ready to snatch the first portable object that came in its way. The view from my sandy strand was scarcely a picturesque view—nothing but water and a distant strip of earth, and then the eye came to the horizon, resting finally upon the magnificent sky above it. This, indeed—the sky—was the principal "view." I have no technical terms for the various cloud forms; I know not if they were cumuli or cirri—but I do know they were delicate and beautiful, and they flocked together as if on purpose to veil the sun, and temper the warmth of its rays as they fell upon this treeless island. The sun's rays, however, struggled through occasionally, and made the water to glisten like a sheet of sparkling silver. There was a slight sea haze in the atmosphere, the effect of which was to weaken the intensity of color, mingling the blue and white of the clouds and the flashing brilliancy of the sea together, permitting the eye to range unshaded, and feel no pain from gazing.

But what a change of scene to turn from this ocean landscape, and passing behind the town, to contemplate the barren waste! We rode over it in a one-horse cart, and on a road marked ahead by three sandy lines, as they lengthened out interminably in the distance. "From the centre all round to the sea," a monotonous heath, as brown as a two months' drought could make it, with no tree to gladden the eye, and not a fence, or scarcely a house in sight to mark the place as the habitation of man. One could scarcely believe that trees or anything else had ever grown upon the island. But it is a fact that timber was once abundant, and efforts are now being made to restore it. Immense numbers of pine trees have been lately set out, and they are in a

flourishing condition. A fire, however, has consumed a large number of them, and in order to preserve the balance, small tracts are inclosed by ploughing a furrow at given intervals, which prevents the fire from spreading. A yoke of oxen and two or three men thus engaged, were the only figures for our otherwise lifeless landscape. Agriculture is now one of the subjects that engages the attention of the people of Nantucket. I believe their productions are quite remarkable. If the island proves to be unutilizable, and if whales become extinct, then this island must become depopulated, or only exist for whoever is disposed to fish, and live upon the trade in fish that swarm upon its shores. But my interest in Nantucket scarcely attaches itself to its whaling characteristics. I enjoy more the novelty of its human associations and landscape features; and I enjoyed too the very heath I have been depreciating, when it appeared to me under a different light. I saw it towards sunset canopied with angry clouds; rain fell occasionally, and as the clouds passed along, the sun's rays would penetrate through the misty veil, and dart over the thin and slightly wetted blades of grass, until the whole plain became illuminated with bright emerald green. The change of color, from dull brown to sparkling green, seemed almost magical, and the charm of the sunlight, the few moments it lasted, as it fell upon the plain and the clouds, merging the whole scene in a warm evening glow, left a pleasant impression of—Nantucket.

Yours,
P.

Studies among the Leaves.

BLACKWOOD'S Magazine for July contains the following clever burlesque of Mr. Ruskin's annual "Notes" on the public exhibitions in London:

MR. DUSKY'S OPINIONS ON ART.

"I am a blessed Glendoveer,
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear."

Rejected Address.

It is quite clear that the Glendoveer of the above couplet was commissioned to deliver to the world a divine message about art. I argue thus on account of the air of absolute and uncompromising authority with which he announces the conditions of his teaching, Art being a subject on which two opinions ought not to be permitted. To the culpable neglect with which this high commissioner from the court of nature was probably treated by the vain and self-sufficient artists of the time, is chiefly to be attributed the lamentable state of art in general, and painting in particular, up to eight or ten years ago, when I took up the subject. Since then, I am happy to observe that all artists gifted with any degree of talent, and all the public possessing the slightest measure of judgment or reflection, have followed the paths I have so clearly indicated. Of course, as very few artists possess any talent whatever, and the great body of the public is, and must long continue to be, utterly deficient in the qualities I have mentioned, both the authors of fine works, and those who patronize and admire them, must expect to remain in a minority conspicuously small. But let them be comforted; for as in the stillness and splendor of a summer's evening, when the golden torrents rushing from their fountains in the west, bathe the sky up to the zenith, where commences that pale green which heralds the approach of twilight, the chirpings of a few grasshoppers resound shrilly amid the glittering grass, while whole armies of sensual caterpillars, mutely feeding on leaf and flower, crawl unheeded; so, by perpetual self-assertion, and utter contempt of all antagonistic sentiment, may the prophets of art and their disciples secure to themselves, even among the underscoring, a share of attention immeasurably greater than their mere numbers or consideration would entitle them to claim.

Without affecting any diffidence, which in me would be transparent pretence, or any misgivings as to any opinion I have ever delivered,